The New Citizen as a Hunter of Big Game

Lady Mackenzie Has Started on Third Trip to Africa

By ETHYL LAVINIA SMITH

LADY MACKENZIE, mighty huntress, who, in the last fifteen years of her globe trotting, has made five trips around the world, including two hunting trips into darkest Africa, has started out again for that little known country to renew her exploration of the Tana River. After months of extensive preparations for this trip Lady Mackenzie, with the New York members of her party, left recently for London, where she will meet the rest of the party, three of whom are Canadian Indians.

While she was in New York Lady Mackenzie arranged for the disposition in this country of about nine tons of trophies from her last African jaunt in the jungle, which are now stored at Mombasa.

War Interrupted Explorations

"My last attempt to explore the Tana River, one of the most treacherous streams in the world, was interrupted by the war," Lady Mackenzie said shortly before she sailed. "The base camp that I had established at the junction of the Tana and Theki rivers was taken over by the British government as a military base. I expect to find my former equipment there when I arrive.

"The Tana River is more than 2,000 miles long," she went on. "It winds in and out through a dense jungle and papyrus swamp. I have never been able to persuade any of the natives to attempt this part of the country with me. They report 'too many big animals with funny long necks' and 'too much swamp.' That is why I am taking Canadian guides with me this time," she added, simply.

The Perils Of Broadway

"I have had tin record cases made enclosed in cork covers for our canoes so that if these should become separated from our party in any way while we are on the river, or if by any chance none of our party should survive the expedition, for none of us knows what he is going to face, the records will be saved and, I hope, eventually found."

"But aren't you just a little bit afraid?" the lady was asked.

She, the huntress with the pink and white baby skin and the soft, well modulated voice, laughed, as she hastened to assure me that she thought it took far more courage for a woman to attempt to cross Broadway during the rush hour than it did to brave the perils of any spot in Africa.

"Indeed, I'm not one bit afraid when I am out in the open," she said. "I love the wild places of the world and the people who live in them. I am afraid of snakes, but not of anything else that creeps or crawls. I don't remember being afraid when I killed my first lion," she answered another one of my questions. "I do remember being terribly excited on that occasion, however. Africa is the most fascinating country in the world, and shooting lions there at night the greatest sport in the world."

The general outline of the African plan for lion shooting at night is enough to make most women shiver, even when reading of it. For this particular pastime the natives go with the hunter or huntress, as the case more rarely might be, into the jungle, where they build him—or her—into a "boma," or brush enclosure, so that the human odor may be as faint as possible. Fifty or sixty yards in front of the "boma" they put the flesh of some animal, usually a zebra, and then leave the victim for the night. The rest depends upon the accuracy of the hunter's shot.

Rhinoceros shot by Lady Mackenzie

The huntress as she appears at home

"Meet Mr. Lion"

"I was advised and urged by every one I met to give up the idea of lion hunting," Lady Mackenzie resumed her story. "When I got to Africa a charming little visit to the local cemetery was arranged for me, that I might see and count the numbers of graves of other dauntless ones who had set out from there to hunt lions. I counted them — all thirty-five of them—but that little performance made me all the more determined to succeed. So on I went with my plans.

"While shut up in a 'boma' waiting for a lion to appear we can hear them grunting five miles away. I got so that I could tell whether the lion was old or young, male or female, just by the grunt. Of course, many futile evenings are wasted waiting for lions that never come near the place. There may be none in the vicinity, and then the hunter has had his plans and his time wasted.

"I remember one evening, after a succession of such uneventful nights, when I awakened suddenly from a slight doze feeling sure that I heard a lion near by. All one has to see through from within the 'boma' is a small peep-hole, and when I tried to look through that I could see nothing at all and thought that some of the brush must have fallen over the hole. The hunter with me that night also had a peep-hole, and I quietly turned to see if he was using it, but he, too, had fallen asleep.

"I didn't dare speak, so I gave his hair a tug to awaken him.

"I put my hand up to my peep-hole to push aside what I thought was a piece of brush. It was not brush, however, that obstructed my view that time—it was the face of a lion. Well, that situation was a pretty dramatic one and seemed to demand speedy action, so, without calling a meeting of the board of directors or even taking a vote on the question among those present, I let go both barrels of my gun and our friendly (?) visitor fell back dead."

Lady Mackenzie tells of one experience after another in the most casual tone in the world. She says it is the most natural life for her to live—that her parents, her mother a Spanish beauty and her father a Scotch nobleman, were great travelers and hunters and that as far back as she can remember she always did want to hunt lions.

Godmother to The Natives

The wild beasts and the virgin jungles of Africa are not the only interests, however, that draw her back to that faraway country. She is a sort of fairy godmother to the natives, and this time, when she arrives among them along about Christmas time, she is going to have a physician in her party and great stores of medicine for an eye trouble that is prevalent among some of the tribes. "The Massi, a branch of the Zulu and one of the most remarkable tribes in Africa, is afflicted with an eye disease closely resembling trachoma," says Lady Mackenzie. "Unless this disease is checked the whole tribe will be blind in a few years."

The women of this tribe are sold in marriage, and the men are allowed as many wives as they can afford to buy. The heads of the women are shaved and scraped with a stone.

Before Lady Mackenzie starts on the hunting trip and the exploration of the Tana River she will have moving pictures taken by the photographers who will go with her of pageants on the history and legends of the various tribes in Africa.

"I am not doing this for any moving picture concern," she explained. "The whole undertaking is mine. I am backing the trip financially. I shall probably sell the pictures to some syndicate when I return, but the venture is my own."

Lady Mackenzie will be accompanied by F. Postma, who has been on her other hunting trips; Bill Judd, who went with Colonel Roosevelt on his big game hunting trip; E. Shelley, one of Paul Rainey's hunters; three Canadian guides; one physician; one secretary; four photographers and about three hundred porters.

Lady Mackenzie and two of her party on her second trip to Africa

Welfare Work Among Natives One of the Lady's Diversions

Public Health Nursing Has Raised Standards of Profession

New York Tribune Washington Bureau

"IT WAS the courage and spirit of the American doughboy that made the morale of the American Nursing Corps invincible during the trying hours of hospital duty in our station at Bordeaux," says Miss Sara Parsons, chief nurse of Base Hospital No. 6 at Bordeaux for twenty months, who recently testified informally before the United States Senate Military Affairs Committee in favor of granting relative military rank to nurses in the army.

4,000 Wounded and Ninety-four Nurses

"At the time the armistice was signed there were more than 4,000 wounded doughboys in our hospital and only ninety-four nurses to care for them. We received boys straight from the trenches as well as from the camps. Our highest number of nurses at any given period had been about 165, but as the work increased everywhere and the boys began to come in larger groups our staff was depleted to equip other hospitals. We found our boys displaying the utmost courage and gallantry during their illness. The way those boys bore their suffering and faced death in a strange land was enough to give any nurse from the United States the courage and strength to go on through weary hours and to spend herself to the last iota of service.

"The signing of the armistice came as a great surprise to those of us in the hospital, as we had begun to organize for two and possibly three years more of war. We had expected to have one thousand nurses' aids come over from America shortly to supplement our regular nursing staff.

Suffering of War Lessened

"It is interesting to me historically to have noted that in this war the suffering of individual patients whom I saw was not equal to that I observed in the Spanish-American War. I was not a regular army nurse during the Spanish-American War—the nurses' corps was not organized until after that conflict—but I did go down with the converted fruit transport which the State of Massachusetts fitted out and sent to Cuba to bring Massachusetts boys home. This boat made three trips, and I was left there between two of the trips with several nurses to care for some of the wounded men at Porto Rico. There was only one thermometer for the entire hospital, and our other medical supplies were equally short. In France we often thought we had to do with much less than we needed, but conditions there were much, much better than in the Spanish-American War.

Advance in Nursing Profession

"The greatest thing the war did for the nursing profession was to demonstrate that only the finest, best educated and most capable women should be recruited to the nursing corps of our army. There were numerous instances where the nurse had to act as the house officer of a hospital would act in making decisions, in giving orders and in assuming responsibilities usually taken by physicians. In war and in illness, there is never any telling when an emergency will arise in which the nurse will have to step in and fill the gap caused by a shortage of medical personnel. We are attracting more and more college women to the profession—that is, the larger schools are doing so—as it opens up the public health nursing and hospital executive field to a greater extent."

Miss Parsons is superintendent of the Training School for Nurses of the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston and was lent from there for the war service.

Decline in Private Nursing

"There is a decline in private nursing," she continued. "This is due to the disinclination of the well trained member of the nursing profession to compete with the partly trained or the so-called practical nurse. Such competition is necessary in many of the states because of the lack of any law making registration compulsory and a certain amount of training necessary.

Leaving the Profession

"The public health service of the United States and the hospitals of the country offer an attractive profession to young girls who feel that they just must take care of those who are sick. The public health nursing movement has given the profession its largest boom in years.

"During the war the training schools and hospitals were overcrowded with girls who wanted to get into the service, who could not go overseas any other way. But many of them have gone back to occupations which were more congenial. There are now only about 5,000 nurses left in the army nursing corps out of the 25,000 recruited for war duty.

"I did not have any opportunity to witness the need for rank for nurses during the Spanish-American War, but I certainly did during the recent war, and I heartily support the movement undertaken by the National Committee to Secure Rank for Nurses."

While "Endearing Young Charms" Fade Away

League of Women Workers Meets Need for Recreation

By WINIFRED DUNCAN WARD

IN 1885 there existed in New York City a modest little organization called the Irene Club, founded by Miss Grace Dodge, whose name should be immortal, for hers was the first club for girls in a movement which has now become national, and in New York City alone has, in 1919, a membership of 3,500.

This movement, which has naturally grown with the growing number of girls who are independent (and therefore without homes, for the two seem to go together), is called the New York League of Women Workers, and its object is to found clubs which the girls themselves will maintain, and which will give them an opportunity for some sort of social life and a headquarters in which to conduct it.

There are offered the usual advantages of vacation houses—dancing, singing and other activities—but I was particularly impressed, in looking over the pamphlet, when I came upon a picture of one of the clubhouse interiors, where a group of girls were sitting before a fire in a state of leisure and engaged in conversation.

This pleasing form of activity is so nearly extinct that I was filled with amazement to see it really recognized as a part of living, and there seemed something positively unnatural in this group of modern girls sitting there together in old-fashioned meditation, when they might have been up in the gymnasium contorting themselves, or down in the well equipped library learning how the steam radiator works, or taking a night course in shorthand, or indulging in other useful forms of enjoyment which the working girl is expected to embrace in her "leisure" moments.

Real Conversation and True Leisure

Encouraged by that fireside scene, will the busy woman worker pause to contemplate with me the possibility of really bringing back into our modern life the art of conversation?

If she were merely a society girl I should not dare suggest this innovation, because the society girl has nothing much to say that is worth saying—therefore, why converse? But with us "working girls" it is different, is it not?

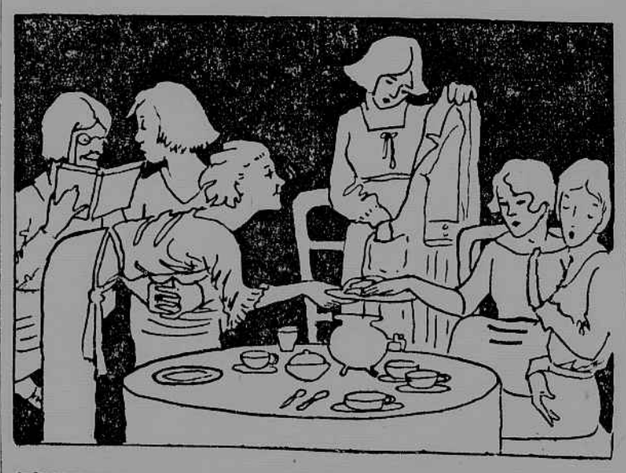
There are only two things needed for pursuing the art of conversation: one is leisure and the other is charm, and they are the two things which the modern woman, with all her efficiency, is losing, inch by inch. Do let us stop before it is too late. Let us try to realize that to sit still is one of the most attractive things a woman can do—and there is only one out of twenty nowadays who can do it. I am often amused at tea parties, where all concerned think they are being very leisurely and cultured, to see how little leisure there really is. The hostess is bounding about among the teacups, interrupting every one with sugar and cream and crackers, when by putting them within reach of all and relaxing into peaceful inactivity she might be contributing to the general pleasure instead of spoiling it.

The guests are continually jumping up out of their seats to get their handkerchiefs out of their coat pockets, or to show you that snapshot of somebody that they have carried about in their purse for a week at least, but which isn't there now; or they may bring their favorite novel and try to read sections of it out loud to you. There are many other agile forms of spoiling what might settle into a pleasant conversation. People do not seem to realize that human intercourse, like everything else in life, is an art. It demands repose, concentration and consideration for others, none of which things do we even attempt to bring to it.

The "Good Fellow" Type Claims Brusqueness

Then, in the matter of charm we are deficient. The attitude of hail-fellow-well-met-brusqueness which the American girl loves to affect can be interesting if it is well enough done, but in that the English are ahead of us; we do not do it well. Hob-nailed shoes after supper and dirty cuffs may arouse a spirit of camaraderie among those who affect them, but they do not please any one else, and here again we strike one of the fundamentals, and that is the American girls' tendency to split up into types and ignore the existence of any other code of manners than that evolved by their own particular set. This is a college product, but seems to cling for a long, long time, and it is one of the things most destructive to any kind of social intercourse.

In New York, where so many types of people are jostled together in apparently close proximity, it is really touching to see what happens if one tries to combine women from different walks of life at the same luncheon table. They cannot talk to each other—they have no common medium of speech or thought—and instead of taking whatever conversational cues their hostess may give them, they simply stare and eat and say "Yes" and "No" and seem to think that their social obligations have been filled.



"Bridging Chasms" Is Charm

Of course, there are always exceptions to these cruel statements, but they only prove the rule; and it is not because we do not think or have not plenty to say, it is simply that we do not know how to be charming and to bridge the chasm between one another. We have not been trained to make the effort, and we are too selfish to make it of our own accord. I think a great deal of the trouble really springs more from selfishness than inability, for Americans are social by temperament. But in trying to bring together people who have much in common I am myself continually met with the question: "Well, what for? What will I get out of it?"

Selfishness Breeds No Courtesies

An actress will ride a mile to meet a reporter who she thinks may give her a column in the paper; will she spare ten minutes to meet this same person because she has a charming personality and her friends want them to meet? She will not.

The professional writer will take much trouble to hunt up some "type" that she thinks she might some day use in a novel.

Will she go to the luncheon her more sociable friend has arranged, in order to meet a sculptor whose whole range of life and thought is so different that it would give her material she will never find for herself? She will not go; she is too busy; at the moment she is not interested in sculptors, so why should she waste time on them?

And if by chance these varying types do meet, do they take advantage of the opportunity which life has pushed in their way for pleasant conversation? They do not; they sit back and say nothing until they find out whether this new, strange being they are suddenly confronted with is enough like them to make conversation easy. If not they drop out of the conversation, and eat steadily. I have seen this thing happen a thousand times in New York restaurants, between people who would, I am sure, have been very much amazed if you hinted to them that they were not perfectly well bred.

Duty Not An Accomplishment

Yet this is a mental attitude which is fatal to charm, and the results of it are noticeable everywhere. It is a commonplace among men that women do not enjoy being with each other. One of the reasons for this is that women do not take the trouble to be polite to each other.

Men, on the contrary, do. If you do not believe me, go to any man's club, and see the unfeigned pleasure with which its members are sitting around in a state of absolute leisure, smoking and talking to each other not only in twos, but in groups.

Go to a woman's club—you will not feel this atmosphere of sincere content and enjoyment. You are much more likely to find women scattered, and alone, feverishly writing fifteen or twenty notes, or else gathered in strained silence listening to some "lecturer" who is pouring into them, for so much an hour, thoughts they might evolve for themselves if they would get together amicably and try.

The Rush of Business Segregates Women Into Types

Try Charming Your Fellowwomen

Everything in life points to the probability of the modern woman being more and more thrown upon her own sex for enjoyment, and it is a grave matter that we do not enjoy each other's society as men do. The fault is our own. All women have latent charm, and if they would use it in extending, instead of limiting, their field of social intercourse they would find themselves gradually equipped with a broader range of appreciation and information, and might be making a step toward that elusive thing we all covet but will not try to win—culture.

Let us hope that in this network of women's clubs of which the National League of Women Workers is so justly proud some of the charm and leisure we have lost may be reborn.